

## Mistrust

It can be hard to get respect from your peers when they have different roles and skills from your own. Everyone thinks the skills they specialized in are the best to have, and can often misjudge the reasons other people may have for making different decisions.

For example, why would someone learn to pick locks, and disarm traps if they were truly interested in honest work? This was the stereotype any rogue had to deal with when working with a party. It was why many rogues preferred to work alone.

Disarming the trap within a treasure chest was precarious enough without the rest of the party crowding around to watch for any attempted slight of hand. This was precisely the situation Roland found himself in now. Holding his shoulders close to avoid someone accidentally bumping him, he worked his thieves tools into the lock, feeling out the mechanisms behind it. Trying to carefully identify the trap within and foil it before lifting the lid on their latest find in this dungeon.

It seemed like a dart trap. He could probably... "I think I have it, can I borrow your shield?" he said out loud, not glancing up from his work. The safest way to do this would be to simply place the shield between himself and the lock. The dart would strike the shield harmlessly.

The Knight, Nala, standing to his left let out a scoff, and he could hear the plate of her helmet scraping against her armor's shoulders as she shook her head. "Its too large." She said "We wouldn't be able to see what you're doing with it in the way."

"I'd like something to catch the dart." Roland explained. "I doubt Ephreal would let me use her spell book to catch it."

"You're right I wouldn't!" She exclaimed from his right side, her long purple hair bobbing in his peripheral vision as she shook her head. "The dart might have a corrosive poison! It could make several pages unreadable!"

"And I don't think Lanai has anything for me either." Roland said

"I can heal your wound and cure the poison." Lanai said from over his shoulder. "Don't be such a baby, if you do your job right, the dart won't even come out."

"It would be a lot easier to do my job right if I wasn't so crowded here." Roland objected.

"You're new to the party, so we don't know if you can be trusted." Nala responded. "You are a thief by trade."

"My trade is dungeoneering." Roland responded, working his tools as he spoke, trying not to let their argument throw off his movements. "If I wanted to be a thief there are so many safer ways than this."

"Though none so legal." Ephreal said calmly "Getting caught with a few extra coins you might play off as a mistake. Getting caught in a noble's manor would be rather difficult to explain..."

There were so many arguments he could make about that, but at this point anything he said in his defense would only lead to further suspicion from the three...

Roland braced himself as he finished the last bit of work on the mechanism. He couldn't do much else... If the trap went off, he was a sitting duck. He couldn't dodge to the left or right with Nala and Ephreal standing to his sides. With Lanai hanging over his shoulder, he couldn't jump backwards either. Not that it would help much against a dart trap.

He turned his tool, and heard two almost inaudible clicks. That was bad. He quickly gripped the bottom of his bandoleer strap to pull it away from his body and align it more with the key hole, just in time to catch the dart as it shot out.

The dart in this case was a thin needle, likely coated in some kind of poison and it shot all the way through the bandoleer strap. Fortunately for him though, the strap had changed the angle of the needle as it flew, causing it to become stuck in his armor, rather than piercing all the way through.

It seemed though, the needle had passed through one of the pockets on his bandoleer. Piercing its way through one of his health potions. The needle had shot with a lot of force to get through two straps of leather and a glass vial before stopping in his armor. As he plucked the needle from his chest, it seemed to be coated in a red liquid that gave him an idea.

He played dead.

He closed his eyes and let his body go limp. His party didn't trust him, so he could use this opportunity to see if he could trust them. Would they try to heal him right away? Leave him to die? Steal some of the treasure themselves? He would soon find out...

"The thief screwed up the disarm." Nala said matter-of-factly. "I told you we should have gone with the other one."

"Whatever, they're all the same anyway." Ephreal responded. He could hear the sound of the chest being opened, and assumed it was probably her. "Now lets see what we've got in here..."

"Looks like a bunch of dog collars." Nala said.

"Don't touch those." Lanai warned "They might be cursed. Let Ephreal appraise them first."

"Its going to take me a little bit to appraise them." Ephreal said "You want to take a break for a while?"

"Yeah." Lanai replied "He's unconscious anyway so I can just do a ritual spell to cure him. Save myself a spell slot."

"Or he'll die while you're charging it up. We don't know if it's a sleep poison or a poison poison." Nala replied "We do have the rest of the dungeon for him to inspect."

"Don't worry about it." Lanai said dismissively. "If it knocked him out that fast, it's got to be sleep poison. If he does die though, we've cleared most of the dungeon, I'm sure his cut of the treasure will be worth as much as what ever is left."

After that, they settled down. Ephreal studying the contents of the chest, Lanai focusing on her ritual, and Nala keeping watch. All three of them were silent for once, time slowly inching along as Roland laid on the hard ground, maintaining the same limp posture he took at the beginning.

It must have been six or seven minutes before Ephreal broke the silence to announce the results of her appraisal. "They are enchanted." She announced, "They're typical slaver collars. Not even the good ones though."

"So they barely work?" Nala asked.

"Oh, no they're very functional. Why don't you put one on and find out? I promise to take it off you eventually" Ephreal teased.

"So what do you mean by 'not one of the good ones' then?" Nala scoffed, putting aside Ephreal's suggestion.

"I mean... They're those legal ones. You know, green when you consented, yellow when the rules established are being pushed, red when consent is broken. Slavers only have them as cover for the real ones that don't need consent."

"So... They're basically worthless." Nala concluded.

"Yeah. I think I'll hold onto them though." Ephreal replied, "And lets not mention them to our thief. Last thing we need is for him to collar us all in our sleep. The thief might not care about the legality of it."

"Or..." Nala began, a mischievous tone in her voice, "We could put one on him. That way, we won't need to worry about getting robbed on the way back to town."

"Now there's an idea..." Ephreal replied. "I could cast an illusion over the collar to make it appear green. It'll cost me a spell slot every day but we'd have a loyal servant practically forever!"

"That won't work." Lanai called out to the two of them, "My ritual covers a lot of ailments. It might free him from the collar as he's waking up. He might not appreciate your little prank."

"That's fine." Ephreal said "We're more than a day's walk out from town. We can slip one on him while he's just sleeping normally."

"Sounds good to me." Nala said.

"If that is what you want to do... I won't stop you." Lanai said, her voice sounding reluctant but unwilling to raise an objection.

A few minutes more passed in relative silence as Ephreal stuffed the slave collars into her bag and added a little of her own gold to the loot bag to cover the balance with the rest of the party. Finally, Lanai's ritual completed as magic washed over Roland's body. There was no poison to purge or curse to lift, but it was his signal to fake his awakening.

“Ow...” He said, rather authentically. He had gotten rather stiff in that position. “Did you need to leave me on the floor like that?”

“Yes, we did.” Ephreal said, a confident tone in her voice. “We didn’t know what the trap did to you, it could have been magically contagious.”

He knew that was a lie; they had not even discussed the possibility of him spreading his apparent ailment to the rest of the party. But, he had no reason to let them know what he knew... Especially not with what they had planned for him.

Letting that issue go for now, they continued their dungeon dive. He took point through the halls as usual, staying nearly ten strides ahead of the rest of the party as he carefully inspected the halls for traps, and kept his ears open for the sounds of an ambush.

Neither seemed to come. At the end of the hall was simply one final room, with a large chest on the other side. Almost certainly, it was going to have the big one. A trap to take down the whole party right when they thought they were home free.

Nala ran towards the chest almost completely blinded by greed, but with his position in the front, Roland managed to grab her shoulder plate. “No! It’s definitely got a trap. Let me do my job.”

Nala stopped and rolled her eyes, crossing her arms as she turned towards Roland. She seemed to have more of an attitude now than before; she likely already considered him little more than a slave to be rather than a tentative member of the party.

“You screwed up the last chest. You sure you want another go at it?” She asked, though her tone was more goading than questioning.

“Yes, just give me some space this time and it’ll be fine.”

“No can do. This one’s the big one.” Nala replied “We’re keeping an eye on you to the end.”

He sighed, and walked towards the chest. Once again the three of them huddled close together, crowding him so that they could each see the contents of the chest as soon as the lid opened. He slid his thieves tools into the lock and took a deep breath as he began... Only to feel them snap.

It was the strangest thing... They were high quality tools, and they had certainly held together on the last chest. He hadn’t even begun to put any real pressure on them yet. He closed his eyes and held his breath, anticipating the trap certain to spring from this...

He heard a soft hiss, some coughing, and one heavy thud. He felt fine... It was a gas trap. If he just held still... Just didn’t breathe for a few moments more it would pass...

Slowly, cautiously, he opened his eyes. The chest was still closed. He turned to his left and saw Nala laying on the ground, frozen in the pose she had only a moment before. To his right, Ephreal was similarly frozen in place, though she remained upright.

Carefully, he stood, careful not to topple the cleric behind him. This was his chance. He could help himself to the loot bag, and get out of here with his free will intact. He turned towards Ephreal, waving

a hand in front of her face to find that she showed no awareness. Her eyes remained fixed in the same position they were in when the trap went off.

He opened her robe and began to search for her loot bag. She was actually rather shapely under her robes... And almost completely naked as well. A bit of a surprise but not something he really needed to focus on. He found the bag tied to the inside of her robe, and cut it loose.

"I don't know if you can hear me, but this is my tax for you threatening to put one of those collars on me." he said to her as he pulled the bag free. "I'm a nice guy though, I'll leave your other stuff alone."

He stood up and began to walk towards the entrance of the room when a voice interrupted him.

"W-Wait, please..." the strained voice spoke.

He turned to see Lanai very slowly turning towards him. Moving like a sloth as she struggled to speak.

"You can't... Leave us here..." She pleaded "Th-That was... P-Petrification poison... We'll all... Turn to stone..."

"That's not my problem." He said to her bluntly, before turning around once more. He had hardly taken a step before she said something that made him stop again.

"I lied to them." she said, the struggle in her voice growing stronger.

"About what?"

"The ritual wouldn't have... Undone... The Collar..." she said, her voice growing slow and labored "I... Lied... To save... You..."

"I find that hard to believe. You were willing to let me die."

"Yes..." She replied, her time too short now to argue. "Collar... Then... Give... Cure..."

"What?" He was genuinely surprised now. Had she really asked him to put one of those collars on her?

She didn't say anything in reply. Her movement had stopped and she was now just as frozen as the other two. He could just leave them. He could tell someone to go get them, they would probably be rescued before the petrification became permanent.

Then again... If he did do that he would never get an answer to her statement, and that might bother him for a while. Letting out a sigh, he walked back over to the group again. He rummaged through Ephreal's bag first, pulling one of the collars from it and walking over to Lanai, securing it around her neck, as the small gem on the front of the collar began to glow a dull green.

Next, he rummaged through Lanai's bag. She must have had some kind of cure for him to use. After rummaging through it, he finally found a small vial of cream. It wasn't labeled but he did recognize the vial's shape and the cream's color.

He opened the vial and began to smear the cream onto Lanai's face, rubbing it in as her firm skin slowly softened. Before long, her face was soft and warm as flesh normally should be, though the rest of her body still remained stiff. Quickly, he began to remove her armor, and cut away her clothes, smearing the rest of the cream on her body.

He gave her what amounted to a full body massage. Rubbing the cream over her, and feeling the rock solid material melted away into soft supple flesh once more. Up around her shoulders, down her back, and around her stomach. He worked his way up and down her legs, and finally to her breasts...

Her breasts were the most interesting part... When he began on them, they were hard as rock. Yet as his hands slid along them, rubbing in the cream, the surface began to soften. Within, he could though still feel the stone just beneath the surface. Shrinking away as her breasts became soft and pliable in his hands. It actually distracted him entirely until he heard the sound of a soft moan escaping the Cleric's lips.

Quickly, he released her and took a step away. "That... Seemed to do it. Sorry about your clothes though."

"I don't care about those..." She said, her tone soft and subdued, "I am your slave now, after all."

"Right... I wasn't clear on how far you wanted to go with that."

"I gave you blanket permission." She said "that should cover anything you wish to do to me."

"That's good to know..." He replied, "Do you have more of that cream on you?"

She smiled softly as she answered him. "No, there's no more cream, but a short ten minute ritual will have them both back to normal in no time. Aside from the collars."

"Collars?" He asked, he hadn't put one on either of them.

"You will be collaring the two of them, won't you?"

He paused at that. They had been planning to collar him first. It would only be right... But could he really admit to considering it in front of her? He decided to change the subject. "Your ritual wouldn't affect the collars then?"

"That's right." She said, "I lied to them about that so they wouldn't collar you."

"They were just going to collar me later though." He replied.

"Yes... Which is why I prayed for a miracle. And it worked."

"You're taking credit for my thieves tools breaking."

"It was by my Goddess's divine will that they did." She said, her tone sounding as though she was preaching as much as she was explaining. "It is by her will that I now serve you, and that they will too."

He shook his head. “Your goddess’s divine will is good enough for you. But for them? These things are only legal if consent is given beforehand. I heard them talking about it. If there’s no consent, the gem will turn red and any town guard will have me in a cell in an instant.”

“I can help you get consent.” She replied calmly. “I know a spell that will allow us to speak to them both.”

It was worth a try. They started with Ephreal. Lanai put a hand both on her head and on Roland’s, and in a moment, they were both standing in a white void.

Ephreal was huddled in the middle of the void, looking terrified. “Wh-What’s wrong with me? I can’t even cast my spells... I shouldn’t need to move to cast my magic!”

He approached her slowly, cautiously. “Petrification isn’t the same as paralysis.” He said to her as she looked up at him quickly.

“Roland!” She exclaimed, “Please, save me please! I don’t want to be a statue! I’m... I’m aware of everything, I heard everything! I don’t want to be like this forever!”

“So you know that I know.” Roland said, this would save them some time.

“Yes, I’m sorry!” She pleaded “I’m sorry! I’ll do anything you want! Anything!”

“Well, I am here to strike a bargain.” he said, “I can save you from this. But it will cost you.”

“I’ll put on the collar!” she yelled, “That’s what you’re here for right? My consent to be collared? You can have it just please save me!!!”

“Whoa!” Roland exclaimed, a bit overwhelmed by her forcefulness. “Just blanket permission? No time limits, no rules to go over?”

“I don’t care about that!” She cried out, “Blanket permission! Whatever you want, however long you want! I don’t care!”

“Alright then. That’s a yes. You can end the call.”

In an instant, he was back in the real world again. He shuffled through Ephreal’s bag and pulled out another collar, fitting it around her neck and watching as the gem on the front turned a bright green.

Lanai then put her hand onto Nala’s head and held her other hand up for Roland’s. He had to duck slightly to reach, as Nala was still laying on the ground, but in a moment he found himself in the white void again.

Nala stood in the center of his view, stoic and calm as he approached her.

“You are here to bargain for my life.” She said calmly before he had a chance to speak.

“You seem rather calm about this.” He replied “Calmer than you’ve been this entire trip.”

“I have centered myself for this conversation.” she responded “I heard you mention using a spell to communicate with me. I have been awaiting you.”

“You know what I want then.” He said, knowing the answer already.

“Yes.” She replied, giving no indication of emotion as she spoke. “You wish to collar me, in revenge for our plot against you.”

“Do you accept that, then?” Roland asked, uncertain how she could manage to remain so calm in light of her impending doom one way or another.

“I have some... Requests.” She replied.

“Alright, lets hear them.”

“First. You will not sell me.” She said, her tone unwavering. “Second, you will not command me to commit crimes. That is all.”

“No time limit?” he asked, she had more demands than Ephreal but not by much. Not nearly so much as he would expect from someone who was so calm and rational.

“Is that up to bargain?” she asked calmly “If so... Would a week suffice?”

“A week is nothing.” Roland replied “You did want to enslave me forever after all, and I am saving you from an eternity in stone.”

“Very well.” She said “It was worth a try. Just keep me then.”

“Are you sure? You don’t want to go for a year or something?” Roland asked.

“Then what? I lose a year of loot and have to find a new party when it’s over? No, thank you. If you’re going to keep me long, then just keep me.”

“If that’s what you want...” Roland said, nodding to himself. “We’re done here then.”

Once again he was in reality. He opened Ephreal’s bag once more, and pulled another collar out from it. Walking over to Nala, he fastened the collar around her neck and watched as it too became green. He was now the owner of an entire adventuring party... And the owner of three rather attractive women...

“You got near blanket permission from both of them.” Lanai said calmly as he finished fastening the collar around Nala’s neck. “I’d say you drive a hard bargain, but they practically gave themselves away.”

“I guess they were just between a rock and a hard place.” He replied, stepping back from the two women. He couldn’t tell, but it seemed like they had changed somehow, their skin slightly less vibrant than they used to be.

Perhaps it was the darkness in the room, or perhaps the petrification was setting in further. Either way, it would be best if they went ahead with the cure.



“Are you ready to cure them?” he asked Lanai as he looked her naked body over again.

“I am.” She said, then a sly smile spread over her face. “Whoever I cure first can keep you from getting bored while I cure the other. So... Who would you like first?”

He looked back and forth between the two women. He knew exactly what Lanai’s implications were, and at this point, there was no real reason not to indulge himself...

“I’ll take Ephreal first.” He said at last.

“I will get started then.” Lanai replied, sitting cross legged on the floor. “Feel free to play with my breasts while I focus. It will not distract me, and I wouldn’t want to leave you entirely bored for these first ten minutes.”

He saw no reason not to take that offer as well. He sat behind her, spreading his legs to either side of her, and reached around to grope her breasts. “I didn’t know clerics were so open about this sort of thing.” he whispered into her ear.

“I serve the Goddess of Justice, not a goddess of celibacy.” She replied “You may stroke my pussy as well. Just don’t make me cum until the spell is complete. If I lose concentration, I will have to start over.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.” he said, sliding one hand down between her legs, gently stroking her folds as he pinched her nipple between the fingers of his other hand.

He could feel her shuddering as he touched her. His fingers slid back and forth against her outer folds, while his other hand groped her breast firmly. It had only been a few minutes since he last held her like this, but this time it was for fun. At least, this time it was entirely for fun.

He didn’t want to break her concentration and force her to restart her spell, so he took it easy at first. Gently teasing her with long slow strokes along her pussy, and running his finger around the edges of her nipple. Listening to her breathing grow labored as she struggled to maintain her focus in spite of the pleasure.

With each moment though, he grew a little more bold. Pinching and rolling her nipple between his fingers first, then sliding a finger deeper into her pussy. Then two... Soon he was plunging her depths repeatedly as he groped her breast firmly. All the while, Lanai only reacted with panting breaths and the occasional quite moan.

Diligently, she poured her focus into her spell, not allowing the pleasure filling her to break her focus for even a moment. She had many years of practice holding her concentration, after all. Though... Most of her practice was in resisting pain rather than pleasure.

Eventually, she finally spoke up. Her voice a noticeably higher pitch, as she seemed right on the verge of orgasm. “I’m ready!” She cried out, lifting her hands and pointing them towards Ephreal as the magic she had been building up released.

“Now... P-Please...” She began, panting and beginning to moan loudly “Keep going! L-Let me cum now, please!”

He tightened his grip on her breast, rubbing it firmly now as he adjusted his angle with his other hand to tease her clit. Each time his fingers plunged deep into her, and slid back out again, he gave her clit a passing rub as well.

He could feel her reacting, she leaned back into him, crying out in pleasure without restraint now that her spell was finished. As her orgasm finally arrived, she let out one final wail as she leaned back against him, pressing her full body against his.

“I didn’t think you were so easy.” Roland teased as she gasped for breath. “A little repressed?”

“No I...” She began, taking deep hurried breaths as she spoke. “I just... Needed that...”

“I think what she means to say is you got her horny when you gave her that rub down.” Ephreal’s voice cut in.

Roland looked up to see the purple haired wizard standing over them. She spoke again with confidence as she looked down at the two of them. “You did give her tits quite a lot of focus when applying her cure.”

“That’s... An indelicate way to put it...” Lanai replied, “But not entirely wrong...”

“Well, that’s enough of that.” Ephreal said firmly. “You need to cure Nala next. So get to it. As for the Thief...”

She looked Roland in the eyes for a moment, waiting for Lanai to move away from him before speaking again. “It’s my job to keep you entertained while she works then, is it?”

“That’s right” He replied.

“Well...” She said, looking away from him. “I hope she hasn’t put any... Strange ideas in your head. I’m... Grateful that you saved us but... I’m not...”

“Get on your knees.” Roland said, somewhat forcefully. As soon as he spoke, Ephreal dropped to her hands and knees in front of him.

“H-Hey!” She said, looking up at him from the floor. “You can’t just boss me around like that!”

“It seems like I can.” Roland replied calmly “Now lets see how well those collars work...”

“I knew you couldn’t be trusted...” She grumbled, looking away from him.

“You know that’s not true!” Lanai called out from her position sitting in front of Nala. “The reason we’re in this situation is because we didn’t trust him.”

“And you were going to collar me.” Roland added “So really, you’re the one who couldn’t be trusted.”

“We would have let you go eventually” She said, still not looking him in the eyes.

“Well, maybe I’ll let you go eventually too.” Roland replied “But for now, you’re mine, and I have something that needs to be taken care of.”

“Fine... But only because I’m so grateful.” Ephreal replied, slowly crawling closer to him. “Otherwise I’d complain the entire time and do a bad job.”

“You won’t do a bad job.” Roland said “You’ll give me the best blowjob you can.”

As soon as he spoke, Ephreal’s expression shifted. A sultry look washed over her face as she slowly began to slide her robe off of herself. “Well of course I will...” She replied, her voice almost cooing now. “After all... I did just say that I’m so very grateful to you...”

“Good.” he said, then called out to the others “You two will join us as soon as you can.”

“Got it!” Lanai called back.

He looked back down to see Ephreal unbuckling his belt and unbuttoning his trousers. She delicately slid her hand into his pants and guided his cock out before bending down to kiss it along the side.

“I hope we’re not too late to join in.” Nala’s voice sounded from above him. Roland looked up and saw the knight standing in her armor with Lanai next to her standing naked.

“I’m sure that wasn’t ten minutes...” Roland said, feeling Ephreal’s mouth sliding over his cock. “She’s barely gotten started.”

“You told us to come as soon as we could.” Lanai said, wrapping an arm around Nala’s. “So I used one of my spell slots to cure her immediately.”

“Well, I am a bit busy right now...” Roland said, gesturing down to Ephreal who was focused entirely on his cock, bobbing her head up and down rapidly, taking his full length into her mouth again and again. “Why don’t you two make out like lovers while I watch.”

“L-Lovers? We’re not...” Nala began, looking over to Lanai. As their eyes made contact, Roland could see her collar glow a brighter green for a moment before her shocked expression melted into a dumbfounded smile as she leaned down to kiss the cleric standing naked before her.

Roland watched as the two women embraced each other. Lanai’s hands moving up and down Nala’s body, unfastening her armor plating and allowing piece by piece to fall to the floor. When every piece had fallen Lanai began to unbutton Nala’s padded armor, peeling it away to reveal her naked body underneath.

Now both naked, the two began to explore each other’s bodies as they held each other. Their hands sliding along each other, groping, teasing, and caressing the other’s body even as they continued to hold their kiss.

Meanwhile, Ephreal continued her work on his cock, diving onto it again and again as her lust seemed to grow with each passing moment. It was hard to see her through the wide brim of her hat, but now and again she would tilt her head to give his cock a few more kisses, revealing herself to him again.

Looking back up at the other two, Lanai had a hand between Nala's legs, her fingers plunging deep into her pussy, probing her depths relentlessly while the knight moaned and squirmed in place. His only guess was that Lanai must have had much more sexual experience than Nala had. In fact... She seemed to be much more of a sexual deviant than the other two without any need to be compelled...

He could feel himself getting close, and it seemed Ephreal could tell that as well, as she now dove deeper still. Taking his cock all the way into her mouth and running her tongue along it to coax out his orgasm while it was still aimed directly into her throat.

As he came, she dutifully swallowed every drop, skillfully working her tongue around his shaft to ensure nothing was left behind as she slowly pulled herself up from his cock. She sat up and looked at him, her expression cold and distant once more.

"There." She said bluntly "I finished your blowjob."

"You don't look too happy about it." Roland commented, "You seemed pretty into it a moment ago."

"You told me to do a good job." She replied, keeping her tone level as she chose her words "And in order to do a good job, I needed to... Enjoy it."

"So the collars adjust your attitude to suit your orders then."

"That's right."

"So those two..."

"Actually believe they are lovers right now. At least until you order them to stop." Ephreal explained. "These are powerful collars after all. Only the fact that they visually indicate if you've violated the terms of our agreement makes them lesser in value."

"So... Based on our agreements I can basically do anything I want and they'll still stay green." Roland concluded.

"No they won't." Lanai called back to him in between kisses. "You can't make Nala commit any crimes, or sell her."

"This includes providing material aid to you should you violate the law." Ephreal added. "So... You're going to have to be an honest thief if you want to keep us."

"Well, like I said in the beginning," Roland said as he stood up, "I'm a dungeoneer, not a thief. You can trust me on that."